

A^K 4429.522
PICK-TOOTH

For the POPE:

OR,

The Pack-Man's Pater Noster,

Set down in a Dialogue, betwixt a Pack-
Man, and a Priest.

*Translated out of Dutch by S. I. S. and
newly augmented and enlarged
by his Son, R. S.*

*This pious Poem buy and read,
For o' the Pope it knocks the head.*



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To the READER.

THis Poem (for the present) I present,
To you, good Reader, with my small addition
The which to imitate is my intent:
To match, or over-match, were great ambition:
I but enlarge it, not surpass it; for neither
I may, can, will, dare parallel my Father.

I may not, for I cannot reach unto it;
And though I could, I will not enterprise it;
And though I would, could, might, I dare not do
To dare, were with disdain for to despise it.

My Parents, Poems only to express
I press, of new, to put into the Press.

A
CONFERENCE
BETWEEN
A PEDLER and a PRIEST.

O R.

*The Pack-mans Pater noster,
Which he learn'd in a Closter:
Whereof he sore repented,
And prays it may be printed.
Not fitting for the Schools,
Yet School-master of fools.*

A Polands Pedler went upon a day,
Unto his Parish Priest to learn to pray :
The Priest said, Pack-man, thou must have the
To learn the Ave, and the Pater noster, (C. 11th, 12th,
Pack-man.

Now good Sir Priest, said he, What talk'st thou of
I hear you speak, but God in Heaven knows what
Priest.

It is, said he, that holy Latine letter,
That pleaseſh God well, and our Ladie better,
Parſe-man.

Alace, Sir John, I'll never understand them,
So must I leave your prayers as I find them.

Priest.

Tush, tush, sayes he, if thou list for to learn
The Latine prayers rightly to discern,
And sojourn but a litle with me here,
Within a month I shal make thee parqueer.

Pack-man.

Parqueer, said he! that will be but in saying:
In words, nonsense, a pratling, not a praying.
Shall I, Sir Iohn, a man of perfect age,
Pray like an idle Parrot in a cage?

Priest.

A Parrot can but prattle for her part,
But towards God hath neither hand nor heart.

Pack-man.

And seeing I have head and heart to pray, (say)
Should not my heart know what my tongue do
For when my tongue talks, if mine heart miscarry,
How quickly may I miss your Ave Mary?
And I, Sir, having many things to seek,
How shal I speed, not knowing what I speak?

Priest.

Because that God all tongues doth understand,
Yea knows thy very thoughts before the hand,

Pack-man.

Then if I think one thing, and speak another,
I will both crab Christ, and our Ladie his mother;
For when I pray for making up my pack, man,
Your Ave Mary is not worth a plack, man.

Priest.

Thy Latine prayers but general heads,
Containing every special that thou needs;
The Latine serves us for a Liturgie,
As Med'cines direct the Chirurgie;

And in this language Mass is said and sung :
For private things pray in thy Mother tongue.

Pack-man.

Then must I have a tongue, Sir John, for eiaher,
One for the Mother, another for the Father,

Priest. (things)

Thinks thou the Mother doth not know such Gnaill
Christ is her Son, man, and he tells her all things,

Pack-man.

But good Sir John, where learned our Lady her Latines
For in her dayes were neither Mass nor Maines,
Nor yet one Priest that Latine then did speak,
For holy words were then all Hebrew and Greek,
She never was at Rome, nor kist Popes toe,
How came she by the Mass, then would I kno ?

Priest.

Pack-man, if thou believe the Legendary ;
The Masse is elder far then Christ or Mary :
For all the Patriarchs, both more and lesse,
And great Melchisedeck himself said Mass.

Pack-man.

But good Sir John, spake all these Fathers Latine ?
And said they Masse in Surplices and Satine ?
Could they speak Latine long ere Latine grew ;
And without Latine no Mass can be true.
And as for Hereticks that now translate it,
False miscreants, they shame the Masse and flate it

Priest.

Well, Pack-man, faith, thou art too curious,
Thy spur-blind zeal, fervent, but furious :
I'd rather teach a whole Coven of Monks,
Then such a Pack-man with his Puritane spunks.

6 *The Pack-mans Pater noster.*

This thou must know, that cannot be deny'd,
Rome reign'd over all when Christ was crucify'd :
R. We Ethnick then, but afterwards converted,
And grew so honest, and so holy hearted,
That now her Emper'or is turn'd in our Pope,
His Holiness, as you have heard, I hope.
He made a Law, that all the World should pray
In Latine Language to the Lord each day :
And this in our Traditions you may try ;
Which if you list to read, and that espy
The Pope to be Christs Vicar, sole and sure,
And to the Worlds end will so endure.

Pack-man.

Surely this purpose puts me far aback,
And hath no points, then pins in all my pack ;
Whatever power you give to your Pope,
He may not make a man an Ape, I hope.

R. S.

But good Sir John, before we further go,
Resolve me this, since you assail me so :
How, when, and where this Vicarage befall
Unto your Pope ! I pray you briefly tell.

Priest.

Know you not ? Peter when he went to Rome,
He there was execute, which was his doom :
And in his latter will and Legacy,
At Rome he left his full Supremacy
Unto the Pope ; which Legacy was given
By Christ to Peter, when he went to Heaven,
And so the Pope (though mediately, indeed
By Peter) Christs sole Vicar doth succeed,
And every Pope sensyne from race to race,
Succeeds each other in the Papal place.

Pack-

Pack-man.

By your assertion surely I perceive,
You press to prove that Peter then did leave
Such Legacy to those who did him murder:
Think ye such fond conceits your cause can further?
That's but a very falsely forged fiction,
And proves most for your Romish whorers conviction.
For Rome did falsely fall from Peters faith,
And Barren-like bereft him of his breath.
And so your Pope doth merit no preferment,
But, as an Hang-man, Peters upper garment,
And still, Sir John, ye strive to play the knave,
Affirming falsely Peter did receive
His Primacy from Christ, when thus he spoke,
That he would build his Church upon that Rock:
As if on Peter Christ had only founded
His holy Church for ever to be grounded:
To wrest the Scripture is your whole pretence,
Either into an ill or double sense.
Christ built his Church on Peters pure profession,
And on the solide Rock of his confession,
That he was Christ, which is a firm foundation
Against all Romish Popish inundation,
I sory am to see you so unwise,
For Peter after that deny'd Christ thrice:
Christ built his Church on faith, which byds a tryal;
And not upon poor Peters thrice denyal.
On this 'a friend of mine did make a Sonet, *Alexan.*
A pretty one, if I could light upon it: *Remptil.*
Lo here it is, and in it ye may read,
How your proud Pope to Peter did succeed.
Why should prophane proud Papists thus presume
To say, their Pope to Peter doth succeed?

Read

3 *The Pack-mans Pater noster.*

Read we that Peter (if he was at Rome)
 Roderob'd with triple crowns upon his head ?
 Pray'd ever Peter for the souls of dead ?
 Or granted pardon for the greatest sin ?
 How many Nunces, note we, he did need
 Through all the Nations that his name was in ?
 How many Friars had Peter, can we find,
 In fundry sorts so shaven with a shame ?
 Was ever Peter so blasphemous blind,
 As to take holinesse unto his Name ?

The Pope succeedsto Peter in no case,
 But in denial, and in no divine place.

R. S.

Poor Peter, only thrice, did Christ deny :
 Once was too much : but soon he did espy
 How that he rashly had forsworn his Master ;
 For which Christ shortly did apply a plaster
 To his sick Soul, and plac'd his grace therein,
 Which is the only antidote for sin.
 Christ turn'd and look'd on him, and was content
 To pardon Peter, since he did repent

But I can prove your Pope, Sir John, to be
 Into a great deal worse estate then he :
 For Popes do dayly both in word and deed
 Deny our Lord, as after ye may read :

Who derogates from Christ the full perfection
 Of mediation, for our Souls election :
 And say, his sufferings cannot satisfie
 For all our sins, and cure our misery :
 But mix their humane merite (vile ambition !)
 The foolish brain-sick birth of mans tradition :
 And als the works of Supererogation,
 With Christs true merite, our sole consolation.

Denyes

Denyes that Christ can be his only Saviour:
Can ye call this a Christ-an-like behaviour?
No, that ye cannot, for we may espy all
Such dealing is of Christ a flat denial,
But this your Pope doth misshently maintain,
That humane merite or mercy must obtain:
What humane merite means, I have no skill,
Go ye to Heaven by any means ye will:
I hope in God that heaven I shal inherite
Through Christ his only mercy-worthy merite,
Your Pope denyes his Lord without repentance,
For dayly profit; and draws near the sentence
Of Judas case; For when the Lord had told him
He should betray him, then he shortly sold him
Unto the Jews, and thirty pence did take,
Too smal a sum his Saviour to forsake.
Yet after that he saie would have repented,
But not so soon his sin he had resented:
He forth-with ran in haste, and hang'd himself,
Who sold his Saviour for vile worldly pelf
For Judas one, each Pope may compt five hundred
For every day, and do not at it wonder,
Nor think him damnified by such transgression,
For 'tis the richest point of his profession,
And is the finest feather in his wing,
Which makes him loath to quite such trafficking;
And so your Pope not only doth deny Christ,
But Judas-like, he sels, and Papists buy Christ.

Yet suffer me, Sir John, for to relate
Some Orders of your Popish Roman state.
First is your Pope, whom so your Clergy calls,
Next him ye have your pompeous Cardinalls,
Your Prelats, Priests, your Priors and your Patrons,

Your

Your Monks at Mass, and Matins with your Matrons :
 Your Abbots Converts, and your chaste Abesses,
 Your Nunties Nuns, your painted Priestesses :
 Your Iebushith Jesuits, your Friars,
 Some d with razors, and so shaven with shears :
 Some of the Order of Dominican,
 Some of the Order of proud Franciscan,
 And think ye not the Romish Church doth erre,
 When before Christ Saint Francis they prefer ?
 They make Christ (only) but as an Orator,
 But make Saint Francis only Exorator.
 Christ but to pray, Saint Francis to prevail,
 And to obtain, when Christ his prayers fail,
 Some of another Order are content,
 Call'd Capuchins, themselves for to torment,
 With many more I may not now rehearse,
 Which would be tedious to put in verse,
 Search all the Scriptures through, see what it sayes,
 If such stylet were in Christs or Peters dayes.
 No, good Sir John, I surely do suppose,
 Like those you shal find either few or none.

And yet, Sir John, I'll show you what a story
 Your ancient Fathers tell of Purgatory :
 They do affirm that Antichristian Cell
 To be a place next adjacent to Hell ;
 Alike in pain, but not alike in case,
 Of the continuance of time and space :
 Wherein are Souls for venial sins committed :
 (For satisfying mortal sins remitted :
 Some Souls are likewise for a time tormented.)
 Until by pray'r Gods anger be contented.
 And the confession hereof is, as saith
 Your Bellarmine, a point of Catholick faith :

And so must be undoubtedly believed :
 Where-out, who payes most, soonest is relieved :
 Not by good faith, but only by good deeds,
 And prattling Pater noster on their beads :
 By dayly Sacrifices of the living,
 And weekly rents, and offerings largely giving :
 And by their publick, and proclaimed alms,
 A silver shower that fyrie furnace calmes.
 And as for me, Sir John, I say no more,
 But this into mine heart I heap in store,
 By faith in Christ Gods grace is to me given.
 That my Soul shortly shal ascend to Heaven.
 When this life ends, my ghost shal go to glory,
 For on your presupposed Purgatory,
Infantum Limbum, and your *Limbum Patrum*,
 Where-out none comes, but by the *Prices Fratrum*,
 (Ye say) and Masses said for souls departed,
 Whereby poor piewish peoples pelf is parted
 Amongst your Clergy, making them believe
 Their silly souls then quickly shal relieve
 Out of that pain : and as for them that pay most,
 Creeds, Artes, Paters, Mass, they pray, and say most,
 To make their sayings sure, they cite the Scripture,
 But falsely formed with a ragged rupture :
 Of which, if ye would surely have a scent,
 Read Cartwright against Rhemes New Testament,
 The which to prove how little they prevail,
 Read Doctor Mortons Protestant appeal,
 Where ye shal find this purpose well disputed,
 And by them both right learnedly refuted.
 It passeth Papists power for to prove it,
 The more I hear, the more I loath to love it.
 So since, Sir John, ye have no Scripture for it,

But

But meer alladgences, I must abhor it :
To trust such tales I shal be very sorry,
I'll go to Heaven, go ye to Purgatory.

In Rome likewise, to hinder fornication,
Your Pope admits a great abomination ;
They suffer borthels without reprehension,
For augmentation of their yearly pension,
Wherein for Clergy-men are Stewes allowed,
For weekly payment, constantly avowed.
They spare not only to exact a rent,
From persons willing to live continent :
Allowing them their whoors (thus they in G^t)
In Stewes: where they may have them, if they list :
For Clergy-men they suffer not to marry,
Consenting to a course that's quite contrary
To Gods Law, charging his Church withall,
There should not be a whoor in Israel.
But your Pope Adrian, for yearly sewes,
Did build in Rome (O Rome !) a stately Stewes :
Behold his godlesse, gracelesse, goodlesse carriage ;
To build a Borthel, disanulling marriage.
Now, were I Lay, or Church-man, by my life,
I should renounce your Stewes, and take a wife,

And last, your Pope, like all devouring dogs,
In Rome allows the Jews their Synagogues ;
Wherein our Lord and Saviour Christ they curse,
For yearly payment to enlarge their purse,
And yet before a Jew become a Papist.
Hee'l rather quite his God and turn an Atheist.
Now what profession will they not permit,
For profit in their Sodom for to sit ?
Except true Protestants, most Apostolick,
And pure professors, Christians Catholick ;

Such they will never suffer in their city.
They persecute them all, and have no pity :
But still pursue them both with sword and fire,
Like mad-men in their fury and their ire,
And like blood-thirstie raging Lyons roaring
After their preyes : like hungry Wolves devouring
The blood of Saints, when they can apprehend them,
I hope in God, he dayly shal defend them
Against their Devilish desperate intentions :
And their investive Jesuite inventions,
And all their wicked wills, and subtile shots,
Their most abominable powder plots.

See from their fountains what sweet water springs,
To send out tongues to kill their native Kings :
Both Prince and people, to destroy they care not,
Man, Wife, and child to put to death they spare not.

Mark what a vile report Queen Katherin carries,
For that mad Massacre she made at Paris :
Should any soul such sakelesse slaughter smother,
So mishtently committed by her Mother ?
Who sent out bloody Butchers to cut down,
The whole Protestants present in the town,
Both under trust, and under cloud of night :
But I repose in Jacobs God of night,
He will undoubtedly ere it be long,
Both judge their cause, and eke revenge their wrong,
Albeit their bones be buried in the dust,
In God Omnipotent I put my trust :

(As in the sacred Fathers we do read)
The blood of Saints shal be the Churches seed.

Though ye think your Profession true and pure,
Had ye a spunk of grace (Man) I am sure,
(Hearing me make so many true relations,

How

How Rome maintains so gross abominations)
Her diabolish doctrine soon ye would despise,
And questionless, her courses quickly quite.
For Rome, we see, retains into her Treasure,
Popes, perjury, profanity, and pleasure;
Priests, papists, pardons, prelates, priors punks,
Masks, matines, matrons & winking with their stonks
Contentious Jesuits, counterfeit contrition;
That hellish hole of Spanish Inquisition;
Earth Epicures, equivocating el's,
Puffed up with pampering pride of paltered palls,
Terrestrial temporizers, truthless traitors;
False, fained, faithless, filthy fornicators;
Unhappy hypocrites, unwholesome whoors,
In beastly borthels, Babylonish bowrs,
With shameless strumpets in their stinking Stewes,
Invyous Jesuits, investive Jews.
Equivocation, mental reservation,
The devil devil'd such doctrine for damnation;
They eat their God, they kill their King, they count
Their neighbour; is not this a great abusing?
With many monstrous things I cannot name,
On which to think it makes me sweat for shame;
As are these Rites maintain'd in Rome's theatre,
And first the casting of their holy water;
Their exorcisme, their images, their altars;
Of crosses, cups, and palls, Popes are exalters,
Of candles, and of Churches consecration,
With vestments in the Church for decoration;
Their hypocritical hid Hermitages,
Their pennance and polluted pilgrimages;
Free will, and humane merite for offences,
With juggling Jubilees and indulgences;

And of the Saints their idle invocation,
And by the Pope their curst Canonisation,
Auricular Confession, vile pollution,
And for their sins a-pay'd for absolution :
Their private Masses, and their murmuration,
Their elevation, transubstantiation.

Sir John, if ye would hear me but record,
Some verses on the Supper of our Lord :
It was a friend of mine to me did send them,
Hee's not a Christian will not commend them.

Priests make Christs both body and soul, we need
not doubt,

They eat, drink, box him up, they bear about,
One is too little, bread and wine
Holds not him several, so we dine,
Thou with thy Christ, I with mine.

Is thy mouth the Virgine womb ? Is bread her seed ?
Are thy words the holy Ghost ? Is this our Creed ?

O presumptuous undertaker !

Never Cake could make a Baker,

Yet the Priest can make his Maker. (made ?

What's become of all these Christs the priests have
Do these hostes of ostes abide ? or do they fade ?

One Christ abides, the rest do flie :

One Christ he lives, the rest do die :

One Christ is true, the rest a lie.

R. S.

Into the Gospel, Take ye, Eat ye, Christ saith,
For which, Receive ye, Swallow ye, your Priest saith.

See how by Popes the Sacraments are driven,
Where Christ makes two, they ad five, so make seven
For Baptism and the Supper of the Lord,
These only two did Christ to us afford.

With

With Christ his institution not content,
 To these two true, five bastards they augment.
 A bastards name doth duly them beset;
 For they were never reabled as yet;
 Nor ever shal, but still will be abhor'd,
 Because they have no warrant from the Lord,
 As Confirmation, Penance, Extreame Unction,
 With Priestly Orders to adorn their function,
 And Matrimony they maintain as one,

But here's a wondrous thing to think upon,
 How Popes do call themselves, *Servi servorum*,
 Yet in procession keep a strange *Ducorum*,
 They tread on necks of Kings upon the streets
 And forcing Emperors to kiss their feet.

Doth God the Father in his Law allow
 These vile inventions your Church doth avow?
 Doth Christ his Son into his Gospel give
 Such wayes to walk in, such faith to believe?
 Or doth the holy Ghost in us inspire,
 More then the Law and Gospel doth require?

The Father hath prescrib'd to us a Law,
 To keep us in obedience and aw:
 And Christ his Son our Saviour, did provide us
 His glorious Gospel always for to guide us,
 The holy Ghost doth from them both proceed,
 To guard us from our sins in time of need.

If we transgress the Law of God the Father,
 Then neither grace nor comfort can we gather;
 If we believe not in his only Son,
 Then our belief is doubtlesly undone;
 And if we breath not of the holy Ghost,
 Then is our labour all our life-time lost;

But Gods Commandements your Kirk reaverses,
 Some she conjoins, and others she disperses:

She trusts in Saints and Angels many one,
And should trust in the Trinity alone:
Wherefore Gods holy Spirit can nev'r attend her,
Nor in distress or danger ev'r defend her:
And though she reign a while in pompe and pride,
I hope in God my good and gracious guide,
To her the true Religion hee'l advance
Ere long, and bring her out of ignorance,
Wherein she hath these many hundred years
Lien wilfully, which manifest appears,
By her unwillingness from thence to part,
She is so obdurate, and hard of heart,
So that except God by his mighty hand,
Her power, her pride, and cruelty withstand,
And force her from her filthiness to flie,
Of errors great, and gross idolatrie:
So if she follow not Christs true instruction,
I fear her final dangerous destruction:
Which God forbid: I hope in his own time,
Hee'l both forgive, and purge her of all crime,
Heard everye, Sir John, a purpose quicker,
To prove the Pope to be Christs only Vicar &

S. J. S.

And though he were full Vicar to our Lord,
Should not his words and Christs keep one accord?

Priest.

Doubtless they do, and never are contrary,
In Pater noster, Creed, nor Ave Mary.

Pack-man.

But Christs Disciples when they made their motion,
To Christ their Master, how to make devotion,
As I have done to you, Sir John, to day,
I pray you, in what tongue bade he them pray?

B

Christ

Christ did not one word Latine to them speak ;
 Their talk was all in Syriack, Hebrew, Greek.
 He bade all Nations pray after one manner ;
 But bade not all take Latine for their Banner.
 Your Latine is but one of the Translations ;
 Why should it the exclude all other Nations ?
 And on my soul, Sir John, if I but say,
 In mine own Mother tongue, when I do pray ;
 Lord, help me, Lord, forgive me all my sins ;
 Yea, why not, Lord, increase my pack and pins,
 And every thing whereof I stand in need ;
 For this depends upon our dayly bread ;
 I hope in God, to reap more comfort herein,
 Then Latine ye would make me so parquies in.
 And since some tongues have more antiquity
 Then Latine, were it not inquiry
 To force all people to pray like the Pope ?
 No, good Sir John, yee'l not say that I hope.

Priest.

But Pack-man, one point would I fain make plain,
 Let us come back to our Ladie again ;
 And if thou had as much capacity,
 As raving wit, with great audacity,
 The case is clear, that Virgine Mary could,
 She could all languages perfectly speak.
 Hast thou not heard, man, how the holy Ghost
 Came down like cloven tongues at the Pentecost,
 And fill'd the house where all the twelve were steady,
 And one tongue truly lighted on our Lady ?
 And lest thou think I talk of idle themes,
 Consult the reverend Jesuits of Rhemes,
 I pray thee, Pack-man, earnestly this note.

Pa

Pack man,

With faith, Sir John, it is not worth a groat.
Will / believ't, think ye, because they say it?

Priest.

So; but they prov't, as no man can deny it.
With not the Text, that when the Lord ascended,
Unto the twelve he earnestly recommended,
That from Ierusalem they should not go,
Untill the Comforter should come, and so
Into an upper room they went together,
Where Marie still was one, ye must consider,
With many more in number full six score,
That with the twelve did daily God adore,
And then he saith, when Pentecost was come,
They were together in one place, all, and some,
And (all) were filled with the holy Ghost.

Pack-man.

O good Sir John, ye count without your host.
Now / see well your Jesuitical tongues
Have cloven the Text even to the very lungs:
That (all) which first was spoken of six score,
As here meant of the only twelve, no more,
Nor Mary is not named now, as then;
What need / then believe it, holy man?
On with your spectacles, Sir John, and read,
And credit this as a point of your Creed:
The holy Ghost could fall upon no more
Then he was promised unto before.
Doubtless he took not a blind folded flight,
Like fyled Larks, not knowing where to light,
Now he was promis'd only to the twelve,
I look on the text, Sir John, and judge your selfe,
Speak man, and be not silent: I am sure,

To see you ignorant of such a storie,
And as the stories in themselves are divers,
Flowing and falling into sundrie rivers,
In divers chapters so they stand divided,
So that the case may clearly be decided.
For when these six score was at first convened,
There was another myserie then meant,
To wit, Matthias free election,
And so Saint Peter gave direction,
That (all) the six score there should bear record
Of their proceedings then before the Lord:
The choosing of a Pastor was in hand,
Which if the Church allow not, cannot stand:
And so Matthias, through the power of Heaven,
By lot was held as one of the eleven.
Then sayes the text, All these were still together:
What all these were, let any man consider.
The twelve, say I, in the last verse before,
And not make Leap-year of eleven verse more,
To draw all back to these hundred and twentie;
Indeed this way we should have tongues in plenty:
And as they differ by twelve verse or lines,
So are they ten dayes different in times,
The first upon the day when Christ ascended,
The other when the holy Ghost descended;
Such glazen arguments will bide no hammer.
For they are but ill Logick, and worse Grammer:
So only twelve receiv'd the holy Ghost,
And so our Ladie all her tongues hath lost.
Now for the holy Ghost its truly tryed,
His coming down is unto no law tyed,
Sometimes invisible, and sometimes seen,
As diversly at divers times hath been.

His coming needs but to be seen of few,
His works may serve for witnesses anew,
And so Saint Paul himself I understand,
But privately by Ananias hand.

And so, Sir John, to show you all my pack,
And let you see my breast as well as back;
I wonder ye consider not the end,
Why God the holy Ghost in tongues did send;
Know ye not, Tongues were only given for tea-
ching?

Know ye not, women are forbidden preaching?
Yea scarce at home have liberty of speech,
But ask their husbands, and they for to teach.
Since women then in Gods word may not walk,
What shold they do with tongues that may not talk?
And then, Sir John, what worship do ye win
Unto our Ladie, when you bring her in
Jack-fellow-like with others whole six score,
Who got the holy Ghost, and she no more?
And where the Hope hath made her queen of heaven,
Ye make her but like one of the eleven;
Surely, Sir John, this is an ill favour'd fitting;
Ye thrust her from the Hall down to the kitching,
And this is also one of the rare Themes,
Held by your reverend Jesuits of Rhemes,
That Lazine came not with the holy Ghost,
When the cloven tongues came at the entroost
Now, if it came not by the holy Ghost,
Whence is this holynesse whereof ye boast,
That in it only, and none other tongue,
Both Masse and Matines must be said and sung?
Your last refuge will be unt the Poie,
So knp up altogether in one rope,

Thens

Then, good Sir John, consider but a little,
 How ye gave unto Marie many a title,
 Whereof ye have no warrant in the Word;
 And yet pursue us both with fire and sword,
 As Hereticks, for not doing as ye do;
 Yet what the Word bids, and no more, that we do.
 Think ye that any man can be so mad,
 As to hold Christ his saviour; and so bad,
 As to hold Marie for his Saviours Mother,
 And not to love her still above all other?
 We love her then, though we believe not in her.
 Nor by wil'-worship think we for to win her.
 We hold her blessed, for Christ's flesh conceiving,
 But far more blessed, for Christ's faith receiving;
 She is his Mother, and the Church his Wife,
 Which was to him more dearer then his life.
 So if the one could fall out with the other,
 He would respect his Wife, more then his Mother;
 For this is every Spouses carriage,
 But most in this spiritual Marriage,
 And as she's Mother of his humane life,
 She's but a Daughter of his heavenly Wife;
 And by his Mother, member of Christ's body;
 Who thinks not so, is but a very Noddy.
 All this, Sir John, I do but briefly say,
 To let you see, that ye play us foul play.

First R.

Well, Pack-man, though thou bear about that trade,
 I fear thou be but some forelongin' Monk,
 Of luthers lore, or crooked Celibate crew,
 And sent abroad, such business to brew;
 Transformed in the person of some Pedler,

Pa.

Pack-man.

Ow, good Sir John, in faith I am no medler,
nor have I mind nor means so high to mount,
can but read a litle, and lay a count,
and seek my neat through many an unknown
Maison.

I know not what ye call you Kyrie I aison,
I help me God, Sir Iohn, I know no better,
nor in your Latine can I be done better.
But believe in God, and sometimes say,
Christ help me when I wander out the way.

Priest. R. S.

pray thee, Pack-man, this much for to tell me,
whether thou presumest so far for to excell me,
were't not a very seasonal thing;
were we going to an earthly King,
to get forgiveness for some great transgression,
but he should shortly sute the intercession
of some great Favorite, and he for to passe
to purchase pardon for his high trespasses,
and not the guilty person to proceed
presumptuously before the King to plead,
but use his motion by his Highness's Minion.

Pack-man.

Sir Iohn, that motion is not worth an Onion.
What if the King shall hear the poor mans sute,
should he stand silent as if he were mute?
No, he should prostrate, lay his fault before him,
And he himself for pity should implore him;
For intercessors oft times larks and lingers,
Except the pleaders lugly fill their fingers.
There is a Proverb in the Scottish lawes,
A man, a Lyon is, in his own cause,

Though

Though great abuses be in earthly things,
We must not so abuse the King of Kings.
Such idle tales my mind doth much molest.

Priest.

I pray thee, Pack-man, hear me out the rest :
And so this present purpose to conclude,
Would ye think any man should be that rude,
To pray to God without Saints mediation ?
It would be thought a great abomination :
The heaven such hainous pride hath ay abhor'd,
So proudly to compare before the Lord,
Such great presumption God will surely punish,
That's not the way his faults for to diminish,
He must implore our blessed Ladies aide,
Then she should shew her Son what he hath said,
And so command him go unto his Father,
That for his sute some comfort he may gather,
Or else he must employ some Saint or Angel.

Pack-man.

Such words I do not find in the Evangel,
Surely, sir John, such sayings are but idle :
Such blasphemy is not in all the Bible,
To trust your words, or Pauls, now tel me whether

Priest.

Reject them, if they jump not just together.

Pack-man.

And so I shal for I can let you see
In Pauls Epistle unto Timothy,
He plainly sayes, There is one God, and than,
One Mediator between God and man
The same is He, which is the man Ch rist Jesus,
And he from death to life can only raise us :
Since he redeem'd us, as our elder brother,

Priest.

The Pack-mans Pater noster.

Pray as ye please, I'll never seek another.

S. 1. S.

And so what e're I have, what e're I want,
Neither pray to He, nor to the Saint,

And as for tongues, I have but one, no more ;

And wit ye well, albeit I had ten score,

I would use all conform to Pauls commanding,

Pray with my tongue, pray with my understanding.

Think ye these twelve, when they receiv'd these
tongues,

Did talk like Parrets, or like barrel bungs,

Feelding a sound, not knowing what they said ;

Idle in preaching, idler when they pray'd ?

No : each of them knew well what he did say.

And why not we, Sir John, as well as they ?

For since all men have one tounge at command,

Should we seek tongues we do not understand ?

Alace, Sir John, had I been train'd at School,

As I am but a simple ignorant fool,

An hundred questions more I might have moved :

But here I cease, fearing to be reprov'd :

For these few doubts I learn'd in diverse places,

Thinking the Clergy-men would clear all cases.

Priest.

Now, Pack-man, I confesse thou puts me to it,

But one thing I will tell thee, if thou'lt do it ;

Thou shalt come to our holy Prior, Pack man.

And he, perhaps, will buy all on thy back, man ;

And teach thee better how to pray then any,

For such an holy man there are not many.

Be here to morrow, just 'tween six and seven,

And thou wilt find thy self half way to heaven.

G.

Priest.

The Pack-mans Pater noster.

Pack man

Content quoth I, but there is something more,
I must have your opinion in before.
In case the holy Prior have no leasure,
To speak of every purpose at our pleasure:
There was but one tongue at the birth of Abel,
And many at the building up of Babel:
A wicked work which God would have confounded
But when Christ came all tongues again resounded
To build his Church by his Apostles teaching,
Why not in praying, as well as in preaching?
Since prayer is the true and full perfection
Of holy service: saving your correction:
So if our Lord to mine own tongue be ready,
What need I then with Latine trouble our Lady?
Or if both these my prayers must be in,
I pray thee, tell me at whom to begin?
And to pray joyntly to them both as one,
Your Latine prayers then are quickly gone
For Pater noster never will accord,
With her, nor Ave Mary with our Lord,
If I get him what need I seek another?
Or dare he do nothing without his Mother?
And this, Sir John, was once in question,
Disputed long with deep digestion,
Whether the Pater noster should be said
To God, or to our Lady, when they pray'd:
When Master Mare of learn'd Divesitie,
Was Rector of our Universitie:
They sat so long, they cooled all their kail,
Untill the Master cook heard of the tale,
Who like a mad-man ran amongst the Clergie,
Crying with many a *Domine me asserge*:

The Pack-mans Pater noster.

● give the Pater noster to the Father,
and to our Ladie give the Avees rather;
and like a Welsh man swore a great Saint Davies,
he might content her wel with Creeds & Avees:
and so the Clergie fearing more confusion,
were all contented with the Cooks conclusion,

Pruff.

de Pack-man, this Talk is coyned of the new,

Pack-man.

John, I'll quyte the pack, if't be not true.
gain, Sir John, ye learned Monks may read,
how Christ himself taught us of his own head,
that every soul that was with sin opprest,
should come to him, and he would give them rest.
Some e all to me, saith he, not to another,
Some all to me, saith he, not to my Mother;
and if I do all as Christ did command it,
hope her Ladiship will not withstand it.
And so, Sir John, if I should speak in Latine
Into the Lord, at Even song and at Matine,
And never understand what I were saying,
Think ye the Lord would take this for true praying.
No: that ye cannot; for ye may consider,
My tongue and heart should pray to God together.
And hereupon ye shall hear what befell
In certain Clarks, that Latine well could spell;
With whom, by chance, I lodged at an Inne,
Where an old wife upon a rock did sit;
And towards evening she fell to and pray'd,
But neither they, nor I knew what she said.
She said, the Carling countersets the Canting.
Another said, it's but the Marro's manting.
Some call'd it Gibbers, others call'd it Clavers,

But still the Carling speaks, and spins, and flavers,
 Now good Sir John, what think ye of this Huffle?
 Where was her heart, when her hands was so busied?
 In end, one said, Dame, wot ye what ye say?
 No, not, saith she, but well I wot I pray.
 Ye pray, said he, and wots not what? I grant.
 Alace, how ye can be so ignorant?
 The Matrone musing little at the motion,
 Said, Ignorance is mother of devotion.
 Then Dame, said he, if ignorance be the mother,
 Darknesse must be the daughter, and none other.
 Pray'd ye, said he, when all the time ye span?
 What reck of that? said she, God's a good man.
 And understands all that I say in Latine,
 And this I do at Even-song and at Matine.
 Alace, Sir John, was not this wife abused,
 Whose soul and senses all were so confused?
 Ye know these unknown tongues can profit no man,
 And one tongue is enough for any woman.
 But when one prayes in true sincerity,
 As God commands, in Spirit and Verity,
 The heart sends up the tongue as messenger
 Unto the Lord a pleasant passenger.

Priest.

But Pack-man here's a prettie little book,
 Wherein if thou wilt listen for to look,
 Set out by a true Catholick Divine,
 And out of doubt will settle thine ingine.
 Faith, read it, Pack-man, for it is but little.
 The gadge of the new Gospel is it's title,
 He clearly proves by Zacharias example,
 When he did sacrifice within the Temple,
 And all the people stood and pray'd without,

The Pack-man's Pater noster.

They knew not then what tongue he spake, no doubt.
Ergo the Masse may both be said and sung
In other language then the mother tongue.

Pack-man.

Sir John, I see your holy Catholick,
Upon the truth, hath put a pretty trick.
Have ye not heard this proverb oftentimes founded,
Homo qui male audit male rounded?
So if the people heard not what he said,
How could they know in what language he pray'd?
Since understanding cometh by the ear,
He cannot understand that doth not hear.
Or how proves this that Zacharie the Priest
Spake Latine, then the Language of the Beast?
Were Liturgies under the Law, but so
In such a tongue that all the Jews did know?
What e're he spake, himself sure understood it:
And so your Catholick did ill conclude it:
Because a learned Priest may pray in Latine,
And mumble o're his Even-song, Masse and Matine,
Ergo a Pack-man to the Lord may pray,
And never know a syllable he doth say:
For when you put me to my Pater noster,
I seek an egge, and ye give me an offer.
And so, Sir John, I have given you a wadge,
That's good enough for your new Gospel gadge:
Last, since we say that God is good to speak to,
Who will both hear our text, and hear our eke to:
What if he answer me in the Latine tongue
Wherein I pray, and wherein Masse is sung?
I must say, Lord, I wot not what thou sayest,
And hee'l say, Fool, thou wots not what thou prayest
Even

The Pack-man's Prayer

ven, Lord, say I, as good Sir John did teach me,
Sir John, saith he, a Priest answere to preach me,
Or in your wildest mouths once for to name me:
With different tongues and hearts, such Jock, such
Jamie,

For though I know many tongues then ye can tell,
False knaves, should ye not understand your sell?
Gave I not you a tongue as well as heart,
That both to me should play an a-fold part?
But like two double devils ye have dissembled,
At this Sir John, he quaked, and he trembled,
And said, good Pack-man, thou art so quick witted,
Unto the Vniverall must be revivited.

Add so the Pack-man pass unto his lodging,
Having within his heart great grief and gnawing:
Sometimes he doubted if the Monks were men,
Or Merit men, for his life he could not ken:
He said, Sir John was a fair fat fed Ox,
Sometimes he said, he looked like John Knox,
But now was better versed into the Bible,
A studie that Sir John held very idle:
They dyve not deep into Divinity,
And trouble them little with the Trinity,
And are more learned in the Legendarie,
In lives of Saints, and of the Lady Mary:
The only thing they embrace and love is
To prove themselves unto Mistress Mary,
With such conceits the Pack-man pass the night,
With little sleep, until it was day light.

And by the peep of day he early rose,
And trim'd him finely in his holy dayes hose:
And to Sir Johns own chamber straight he went,
Who was attending: So with one assent,

They

The Pack means Peter neglect. 9.

They heard them to the Prior both in haste,
To whom Sir John began to give a taste
Of all the Questions that had past among them.
He call'd them Devilicks both, and would to have them
With that the Pack-Man hurried through the cloister,
And there he met with an ill-favoured Sister;
Who quickly bind him, and all on his Back;
And then he leav'd to pray, Shame fall the Pack;
For if they have not good use of my Sin,
They sent me lighter out than I came in.
And still he criest, Shame fall both Packs and boys,
For I have lost my Pack, and leav'd no Prayer;
So Farewell Ave, Creed, and Paten Deller;
I'll pray a my Mother Tones, and give the Hoister.

FINIS.